Nomen and Full heading:

**Chapter II Derivative Story**

Tempus and Astra were delighted to be able to train Fido into a much more docile state, and so they left Socrates’ chambers ready to practice repetitively the commands for the wild pup. It wasn’t until they were passing a giant mural of some omnipotent god that Astra remembered the real mission.

“By Jove!” she exclaimed. “Tempus! We forgot to ask Socrates how to keep Dis from destroying time!”

“Oh. Right. I just remembered that too,” Tempus sheepishly admitted. Then he added, in a barely audible mutter, “We are not doing a very good job being heroes so far.”

“I heard that. And it’s nonsense. Come on!” With that Astra scooped up Fido, grabbed her friend’s hand, and headed full speed back to the residence of the wisest man in the world. When they arrived, however, the philosopher was nowhere to be found. They looked through all the apertures – windows, doors, but could find no Socrates.

“He may be with his disciples,” Tempus offered. “He teaches a type of school in Athens.”

“Oh? Maybe we should look for a large auditorium?”

“Well. Not exactly. He teaches almost everywhere – the streets, the gym, in friends’ houses – he could be anywhere.” Astra furrowed her eyebrows in frustration. “Look, let’s just go explore ancient Athens. I know so much about the temples – I can be your docent. Maybe we’ll stumble upon an audience somewhere that will lead us to Socrates.”

It wasn’t long until they found just such a crowd gathered on the marble steps of an imposing building. Some were standing, others took a sedentary position, but everyone’s attention was fixed on a pair of men engaged in a lively discussion. They had scribbled a few illegible diagrams in the sandy street and were gesturing around them. Astra recognized the scraggly beard immediately.

“There he is! Are these his students? Where are their wax tablets to take notes? Shouldn’t they be near a library too to study literature and history?”

“Socrates has more of an auditory style. He teaches his students not to accept doctrines blindly, but to question everything to discover true knowledge,” Tempus reminded her. “Let’s wait for the crowds to subside to talk to Socrates.” So they waited and listened. Their philosopher was asking questions of an artist about whether beauty was a tangible or intangible thing. The matter wasn’t exactly settled, and the artist left seeming a bit more confused, but several young men were excited by the debate. Before they could pull Socrates into another round, he excused himself and headed directly towards Astra and Tempus.

“Hello, my young friends!” He greeted them warmly. “Have you returned to repeat lessons for your undisciplined furry pal?” Fidelis wagged his tail eagerly.

Astra responded earnestly. “Actually, we have a much more important mission, and we could use your advice.”

“I thought so – most people don’t come to me for help with training animals – and you seem to have traveled quite a long way.”

Tempus took a deep breath and explained how Dis was trying to destroy events in time that the Fates had decreed, and how that would destroy the fate of the future, and all that. Astra couldn’t tell if Socrates’ eyes were bulging from the extraordinary story or if that was just how he always looked, but it was clear that either way he was listening intently.

“And why do you think I in particular could help you?”

Tempus was a bit thrown by this question so Astra jumped in to respond. “The Delphic Oracle claimed that there was no man wiser than Socrates.”

Socrates let out a stream of laughter. “Oh goodness, children. That doesn’t mean I am omniscient. The only reason I am wise is that I have discovered that I don’t know anything at all. Most people go through life believing they know so much about the world, and prescribing their counsel to everyone – but they never question their beliefs to know if they are really logical or not. And the unexamined life is not worth living.”

“So you don’t have any ideas on how we can stop Dis?” Astra demanded.

“Hmmmm. Tell me. The gods have decided that time should follow a certain fate?”

“Yes,” Tempus nodded.

“Is Dis a god?”

“Well…yes.”

“Why is it that the fate that Dis has chosen must be stopped while the fate that the other gods favor must be allowed to play out? Is Fate something that the gods decide or do the gods proclaim what is already Fated?”

Tempus scratched his head and Fido sneezed.

“Well,” Astra ventured, “the Roman Empire is a great civilization. We have brought organization, government, roads, and culture to so many people around us. Dis is trying to destroy all that good work.”

“But how do you know what could have happened if the Romans did not exist? Perhaps there would be room for a better civilization to cover the world?”

“It is the ONLY civilization that we know and it is good. There could be so many other worse possibilities out there!

“There is no reason to fear that which we do not know.”

“If Dis succeeds, Tempus and I may not even exist! Not to mention that the gods have told us we have to stop him.”

Socrates was calm and deep in thought. “I don’t believe your reasons are as selfish or as pious as those lines of logic. You say that this mission was given to you by the gods, but isn’t Dis a god too?”

Astra sighed. “The Romans are my people. I have lived in a Roman city, followed and benefited from Roman laws all my life. I can’t stand by and watch my people be destroyed, whether it is fated by Dis or by other gods. It wouldn’t be just.”

“Ah – so you are motivated by justice. I’ve always said that the unexamined life is not worth living and so it must be that the unexamined mission is not worth…” Suddenly Socrates jumped up with a yelp. “And I suppose it was fated that you bring this dog from another time period to chew through my only pair of shoes?”

“Sorry,” Tempus apologized. “He’s a ferocious omnivore. But I thought I’d always read that you went around Athens barefoot?”

“Well, I suppose I shall have to now! People may think it strange, but a good pair of shoes – by Poseidon’s beard! That’s it!”

“Huh?” Astra and Tempus looked back and forth between the chewed up shoes and Socrates’ hairy toes.

“Let’s just say that as long as you exist, then you are succeeding in your mission. Perhaps Fate is all the future and the past together…” With that mysterious statement, he chuckled, bid them goodnight, and skipped into the streets on his bare feet. Before he disappeared down the alley, he turned to call out to them, “Question everything and know yourself! Good luck!”

“I was hoping for a bit more specific advice – weren’t you, Astra? …Astra?”

Astra was concentrating on something in the distance, with a look of concern. “Tempus! The man over there, pointing in the direction Socrates went with a group of Athenian magistrates – is that who I think it is?”

**Exercise: Derivatives Hunt**

In this story, there are 26 derivatives from some of the Chapter II vocabulary list. How many can you find? Try to find at least 10 and fill in the chart to identify the derivative, the Latin root, and the meaning of the Latin root. The first has been done for you.

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| --- | --- | --- |
| **English Derivative** | **Latin root** | **Meaning of the root** |
| e.g. docile | Docere | To teach |
| 1. |  |  |
| 2. |  |  |
| 3. |  |  |
| 4. |  |  |
| 5. |  |  |
| 6. |  |  |
| 7. |  |  |
| 8. |  |  |
| 9. |  |  |
| 10. |  |  |